

Who dote by Experience, profess and protest,
That of all profession a Turn-coat's the best:
To a pleasant Tune, much in Request.



As I was walking through,
 Little park, as I us'd to do,
 Some two or three months ago,
 Told me all along,
 Without any fear or wrong,
 And liften'd unto a song:
 He came from a powder of thing,
 As first he was in a King,
 He says he was that I
 Was once so rich,
 And that he was the King.

I had a turn out here,
Although I do bear it brave,
And do not fear all I have:
I am not long in the job,
Count on my part of war,
And kill 'em as fast as I
Can: and I can play
With a sword, I can play,
With my hands, I
Can play and
And even as fast as they.

When first the wars began,
And practices lead the way,
'twas I that did set them on;
When they cryed bishops down
In country, ears and towns:
Quoth I, and here as the crown
The government I did take,
For forms and fashion's sake;
but when it would not
support my plot,
'Twas like an old almanack.

When independent
Had superiority,
- I was of the same degree :
When keepers did command :
Then had a holy land
In deans and in chapters land,
But when I began to spy
Protestor ship drew nigh,
- and keepers were,
thrown o're thebor,
O'ld Oliver then cry'd I.



When fellows got the day;
I used my pen and quill,
to flatter them and betray,
In parliament I sat.
And there a member sat
To tumble down church and state,
For I was a treffy troat,
In all that I went about,
and there we did run,
to sit till now,
But Oliver turn'd us out.

We put down the house of peers,
We killed the cavaliers,
And tipped the widows tears ;
We sequestered mens estates,
And made 'em pay monthly rates,
To trumpeters and their mates ;
Religion we did print,
And utter'd all the wit,
we knowery then
was done by men,
But I had a finger in't.

When Charles was put to flight,
Then I was at worstier fight,
And got a good booty by't,
At that most fatal fall,
I kill'd and plunder'd all,
The weakest went to the wall,
Whilst my merry men fell on,
To slaugher I war gon,
there is many thought I,
will come by and by,
And why should not I be one.

We triumphed like the Turk,
 We crippled the feattish Kirk,
 That sets us first to work:
 When Cromwell did but frown,
 They yielded every town,
 St. Andrew's cross went down:
 But when a Moll did die,
 And Richard his son put by,
 I knew not how,
 To guide my plough,
 Where now shall I be? thought I:

I must confess the rump,
Did put me in a dump,
I know not what would be the wrong,
When Dick had lost the dog,
My gaming was at a stay,
I could not tell what to play;
When Adam was upon the floor,
I thought I would play no more,
I did not think what
he would be at,
I ne'er was so mump before.

But now I am at court,
 I wish men of better sort,
 To purchase a good report;
 I have thimble and ears
 Of many brave noble peers,
 And fright the cavaliers.
 Poor knaves they know not how
 To flatter, cringe and bow,
 for he that is wise,
 and means to rise,
 He must be a turn-out-side.

